for them. Should, however, the law of gravitation ever be successfully explained by a system of stresses in an all-pervading fluid, Descartes' theory, though in a form much modified and altered, might again reign within the realm of Science.

A POPULAR STATEMENT OF IDEALISM.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

I.

The object of this paper is not so much to prove idealism as to state it with a measure of clearness and consistency. If there is at times an undue positiveness of statement, let it not be charged to an intention of lording it over the reader, but simply to a desire to thoroughly enter into and speak from the intellectual standpoint under discussion. Further, the sciences of physics and physiology, ordinarily regarded as having a more or less materialistic tendency, are in truth, at the present time, rather inclining to play into the hands of the idealist.[1] We shall not, however, presuppose a technical knowledge of these sciences on the part of the reader, as we lay claim to no such knowledge for ourselves, and hence shall, from necessity as well as choice, abstain from any extended use of their technical phraseology. Without further preface, then, we may begin.

When the thorns of a rose-bush prick our finger, we have as a result a pretty recognizable feeling, called pain. It is a real sensation, and we may localize it in the finger, yet we do not attribute it to the thorns and say that it exists in them. We know very well that as our sensation it cannot exist apart from ourselves, and so we call it a subjective reality. Suppose, now, that we bend over to smell one of the roses on the bush; we are greeted with a new experience of a more agreeable character, viz., perfume. Is this perfume a reality outside of us, or a sensation of our own?

[1] W. K. Clifford even says that the "doctrine of Berkeley's has now been so far confirmed by the physiology of the senses that it is no longer a metaphysical speculation but a scientifically established fact." ("Right and Wrong.")

The idealist regards it as a sensation, and we may sometimes, especially in the case of strong odors, whether agreeable or disagreeable, feel quite distinctly that this is the case. If so, it exists just as the pain, and, though we may locate it in our nostrils, we may feel as little inclined to attribute it to the flower as the pain to the thorns. The rose produces in us this sensation, as the thorns that of pain. Professor Huxley, remarking upon the odor of the musk-plant, even says that "it is as absurd to suppose that muskiness is a quality inherent in one plant as it would be to imagine that pain is a quality inherent in another, because we feel pain when a thorn pricks the finger."[1] This is strong language, though it is possible to become so distinctly conscious that odors are our sensations or feelings as to have no hesitancy in subscribing to it. All depends here on each one's own consciousness, and this is not a thing to be created or changed by the mere assertion of another. Physiology, however, comes to the side of the idealist in the matter, not only by saying that the odor does not exist outside of us, but by attempting to show how it arises within us. It teaches not only that our nostrils are necessary that the sensation may arise, but that these nostrils, being lined with a delicate membrane, in which terminate very small nerve-fibres, having their other endings in the brain, the sensation of smell is ordinarily the result of the working of this entire apparatus. Some infinitesimal particles, being thrown off from the odorous substance, touch the membrane, the vibrations produced therein are communicated by the nerve-fibres to the brain, and there in some mysterious way the sensation of odor arises. The odor does not, strictly speaking, belong to our nostrils, or any part of the olfactory apparatus, any more than to the external object, but first comes to be in our mind. A sensation of odor may even arise without the presence or action of any external object whatever. If the appropriate changes take place in the nerve-fibres, and are communicated to the brain, the odor results as truly as if an external object were the cause of it. And we should be mistaken, not in saying that the odor exists, but only in supposing that it comes from without. For the localizing of the odor, as of the pain before spoken of, is an act of the mind. The pain is not *in* the finger, nor the odor now in the nos-

[1] "Science and Culture," p. 259

trils, but we *place* them in these parts of the body. Of themselves they have no position, and, indeed, if we had only such simple sensations, it is doubtful if we should have any notion of space whatever. But we may assign them their places so many times that the act of localizing becomes at last almost instantaneous, unconscious, or, what is the same, mechanical.

It does not require much imagination to suppose that bitter and sweet, and all kinds of tastes, may be similarly sensations, which are given to us by external objects, but, strictly speaking, are not their own properties, but their effects upon ourselves. On slight reflection, we may realize the same of heat and cold—viz., that they are our own feelings, linked indeed with various objects, but not intrinsic qualities of them. Heat is, according to the teaching of physics, a mode of motion; by this is not meant that heat *is* motion, but that, when motion is communicated to our own organism, it gives rise to the sensation of heat.

That sound may similarly be a sensation within us rather than a reality without, is probably harder for most of us to realize. The thunder rolls, we believe, whether we hear it or not. Yet physics teaches, and most educated men at the present time are trying to accustom themselves to the conception, that the only external things in this relation are the air and its vibrations, and that these, when reaching the ear, produce sound, but are themselves soundless. On occasion of a loud report of a cannon, we may be distinctly conscious of the vibrations of the air as such; indeed, the very house, or, if we are in the open air, the ground may shake with them. And after such an experience it cannot be difficult to distinguish between the vibrations and the sound, and to entertain the idea that the sound is only an effect upon ourselves. A person who becomes deaf may be aware of the vibrations in certain cases and yet *realize to himself* that, owing to certain physical defects, their ordinary results cannot follow in him.

Color, doubtless, seems like a still more inviolable possession of the outer world. Physics, however, treats it as it does sound. The waves of the supposed ethereal medium are, according to its teaching, the real objective counterparts of color, color itself being a sensation, which we transfer to the particular object from which the wave-motions are supposed to be reflected. We may indeed

conveniently speak of color and light, as of sound and heat, as existing outside of us in this or that portion of space, and there can be no objection to our doing so as long as we do not assume that our language is strictly accurate and scientific. But, in strictness, we can only say that color and light are our sensations, produced indeed by a combination of physical and physiological causes, but not themselves inhering in the external world. Physiology assures us of an optical apparatus, similar in the essential manner of its construction to the olfactory apparatus already described. Each mode of sensation is, in fact, similarly provided for. And color, being the result of the action of the apparatus, is no more in the retina, or the nerve, or the brain, than in the object itself. It arises on the completion of these mechanical processes in a manner that physiology confesses to be beyond its power of comprehension. And colors, as odors, may arise without the action of external objects if but the appropriate changes take place in the optical apparatus. Many of us have perhaps some time had that unfortunate experience known as "seeing stars," and yet this imaginary light, as we may term it, was as truly and really light as that of the actual stars in heaven. We should be mistaken only in supposing that the "imaginary" light came from heaven—that is, in localizing the sensation, not in recognizing its existence. This localizing is a matter of the judgment. Even if we say that color and light must exist somewhere (that is, that they necessarily imply the idea of space), their determinate place is not their own property, but is given them by the mind, though of this mental act we may cease to be distinctly conscious. And color-blindness, it may be added, does not mean that the color-blind individual sees what does not exist, but simply that the sensations of others, who make the majority, are not like his own. The practical uses of life lead us to call him mistaken in consequence, but, if the majority of human sensations should shift and become like his, those of us keeping our present sensations, and in the minority, would have to allow ourselves "mistaken." In itself, the light of a switch-lantern is neither green nor red; what it is in itself no one knows. But green and red are names for its effects on individuals, and may differ as individuals differ.

But most difficult of all to realize, or even, as it may at first seem, to think, is the notion that hardness and pressure are our

sensations rather than qualities of bodies in themselves. Is not the ground hard, we ask, when we stamp upon it, and the dictionary heavy when we try to lift it? Why, if solidity was but a sensation of his, could not the forlorn Hamlet have caused his "too, too solid flesh" to melt? But the real question with the idealist is simply, What is *meant* by hardness, pressure, and solidity? Color, no more than pain, is denied to exist, because its manner of existence is found to be subjective; nor is color any more than pain changeable at our will. That hardness, etc., exist, is beyond dispute; but what are we to understand by their existence? The only answer any one can make is that on stamping the ground the foot is resisted, and, on attempting to lift the dictionary, its pressure is experienced. That Hamlet's flesh was solid he knew by touching one part of it by means of another and experiencing their mutual resistance. And the idealist only conceives that he is making a more accurate statement of all this when he says that the ground and the dictionary and the flesh produce in us these feelings. In a word, hardness, etc., are sensations produced by objects, even as sound and color, and as such exist in us, though their causes may well be external to and independent of us. If the ground does not give me the feeling of hardness when I strike it, it boots little to call it hard;[1] if it should some time give me no such feeling, it would thereby cease not only to be hard, but to be the ground in any intelligible sense. Instances might be multiplied, only conspiring to show that hardness, etc., in objects really mean their capacity to produce such experiences in us—and yet I doubt not that, unless the reader already agrees with me, he will have to question himself and analyze his experience for some time

[1] It may be asked, when any object—*e. g.*, a ball—falls upon the ground, Does it not experience the hardness of the latter, and so may not hardness exist independently of ourselves? The answer is, Yes, if the ball is supposed to be a sentient thing. But, if not, our attributing to it an experience of hardness rests upon a harmless anthropomorphism, and, while allowable enough to popular speech, is destitute of any real warrant. Does not the ground resist the ball, then? All we can say is that, if we were in the place of the ball, *we* should experience resistance. Our sensible knowledge in the case amounts to simply this: that the ball ceases its downward motion (or, if you will, that its mass motion is to a certain extent turned into a motion of its molecules, which latter is again convertible into heat—all of which are assertions, it hardly needs be said, respecting actual or possible sensations). The hardness or resistance of any object means simply that, if we (sentient beings) touch it, we experience such sensations.

before he can agree. Proof is not only out of place, it is impossible in a matter where all depends upon immediate knowledge—that is, experience. The idealist can only say to another, This is my experience, and, if I cannot lead you by your own reflection to a similar understanding of your own, I will at least spare you "arguments" and "proofs," which can be to no purpose.

Use may be made, however, of one further illustration, which may possibly be helpful: What do we mean by distinguishing between a ghost or phantom and a real body? The former may sometimes seem to have a shape and features, and even, as in the case of Protesiláus in Wordsworth's noble poem of Laodamía, "roseate lips." And how do we know it to be a phantom, as how did Laodamía know her blooming hero to be, after all, but a vain shadow, save by essaying to clasp it, and finding that it eludes our grasp; that, instead of real and unmistakable sensations of resistance, it gives us none at all.[1] Hence the poet calls Protesiláus an "unsubstantial[2] form." A thing that resists us is *ipso facto* real. Even things that we cannot see, or smell, or taste, or have any sensible proof whatever of save of this single kind, viz., capacity to resist us, we know thereby to exist—for example, the air. Resistance is ordinarily called a primary quality of bodies, and, though our previous analysis will not allow us to make the ordinary distinction between the primary and secondary qualities of body (as if the former were in the object, the latter only in ourselves), yet there is a difference—viz., that resistance is a universal and unchanging quality of bodies (even the molecules and atoms being supposed to have this power, however inappreciable

[1] "Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to reunite,
And reassume his place before her sight."

Virgil's lines are similarly suggestive:

"Frustra comprensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno."

[2] Substance has this primary sensible meaning, viz., that an object is not a mere empty form, but one that resists us when we attempt to pass through it. It would be well for those philosophers who make such an ambitious use of the term at least to remember this its primary significance. From what is demonstrable it has come to mean sometimes just what is indemonstrable.

to the senses), while color and other sensible qualities may change before our very eyes. A colorless body may at least with an effort be conceived, but a body that gave no resistance, and would give none even if our power of noting the same were increased *ad infinitum*, would not be a body at all, this term having no other intelligible meaning than that which gives resistance. Yet sensations, by being permanent and universal, do not lose their character as sensations and become separate realities. Another reason for calling resistance a primary quality is perhaps that resistance is a sensation of more vital importance for us to note than any other. For, if we experience it in too emphatic a manner, we are in danger of losing, for a time or permanently, the power of further sensation, while odors, sounds, or colors rarely bring after them so serious a consequence. It is, then, rational to give a higher rank to resistances than to other kinds of sensations, and the latter acquire serious import chiefly when from past association they lead us to suspect that resistances will follow after them, as when, for example, we hear at the foot of a mountain a rumbling and crackling noise and know that an avalanche is coming. It would be an interesting general inquiry how far such motives of practical convenience or necessity enter into the formation of not a few distinctions and conceptions in common use; yet the interest would be chiefly psychological, since distinctions and conceptions so formed can hardly be regarded as having real or philosophical validity.

But, to return, What is the residue of the external world left after the foregoing analysis? Apparently very little that we may properly call an external world. The common sense of men regards the fragrance of a flower as external in the same sense that its color and shape are. But our ungracious analysis has not only divested the flower of its fragrance, it has stripped it of its color and of every sensible quality it possesses.[1] What is left, then? Is

[1] Cf. Dr. William James: "To the naïve consciousness all these attributes [color, taste, smell, sonority, as well as hardness and pressure] are equally objective. To the critical, all are equally subjective." ("The Feeling of Effort.") A similar view is elaborated by Professor Huxley, in papers on Descartes and Bishop Berkeley. ("Lay-Sermons," p. 320 ff.; "Critiques and Addresses," p. 287 ff.) Herbert Spencer says: "Thus we are brought to the conclusion that what we are conscious of as properties of matter, even down to its weight and resistance, are but subjective affections produced by objective agencies that are unknown and unknowable." ("Psychology," vol. i, p. 206.)

it the form or shape? Now, the form is not indeed a sensation, but a boundary or limit of sensations (of color or resistance), discerned and marked out by the intellect. But what is a limit when that which is limited is taken away? If a form changes when its content changes—for example, in shifting clouds—does it not cease to be when the content ceases to be—for example, when the clouds vanish and leave a clear sky? Now, in the idealist's view, the material of the world does not indeed cease to be, but its manner of existence is found to be subjective. Plainly, then, the form cannot remain objective. Our common sense indeed asserts that a form which has no content is not a real form, but only an idea of our mind. A similar line of remark applies to the change and motion observed in and among sensible objects. If these objects are really resolvable into groups of sensations, their changes and the motion among them must be equally matters of sensation. For, apart from the objects of which they are predicable, what are change and motion but abstractions of the mind? Professor Huxley says: "All that we know about motion is that it is a name for certain changes in the relations of our visual, tactile, and muscular sensations."[1] Quite as little can the molecules and atoms, out of which the sensible world is supposed to be composed, serve as a truly objective residuum. For, though they may not be thought of as having the secondary qualities of matter, they are as having the primary ones of extension and resistance in however infinitesimal a degree. And even the conception (now gaining some currency) of the atom as a point without extension considers the point as a centre of force or resistance, and, if these are recognized as subjective sensations, the same difficulties present themselves in attempting to regard the point as something real and objective that we met with in trying to think of an empty form. In any case, the supposed molecules and atoms are not the causes of the sensible world, but this world itself stated in the simplest possible terms.[2] They would be discovered, if ever they could be, not in

[1] "Science and Culture," p. 279.

[2] Lange regards the atoms as phenomenal, the only difference from ordinary sensations being that the latter are immediate, the former vermittelte and gedachte. ("Gesch. des Materialismus," ii, 165.) Contrast Büchner, who regards the modern doctrine of atoms as an "Entdeckung der Naturforschung," while the ancient was a "willkürlich speculative Vorstellung." (Lange, ii, 181.)

connection with efforts to verify an inference to somewhat out of the circle of our sensations, but by successively dividing and subdividing the contents of the sensations themselves, and reaching at last their irreducible elements.[1]

Is there nothing real and objective left? So far as sensible phenomena are concerned, we must answer, Yes; the whole sensible (material) world is but an effect upon ourselves. But, because nothing sensible is left, it would be a hasty inference to say that nothing whatever is left. If we are asked, What?—we answer, All that causes the sensations. We have allowed and posited a cause for each species of sensation we have considered, and the only trouble has been that each conception of the cause, provisionally allowed, has turned out, on examination, to be itself an effect—*i. e.*, a sensation in us. We have, for example, regarded odor and other secondary qualities as coming from an extended body external to ourselves. But, on turning our attention to the extended body, we found that the element which makes it a body, viz., its resistance, is a sensible experience of our own. Yet, apart from the resistance, there is but the empty extension or form, and this can hardly be called a cause, if indeed it can be said to exist, in any real and objective sense. Our search, then, for causes was unsuccessful. But, though we *know* of no causes, we have an inextinguishable faith that there *are* such causes, there being, in fact, no particular thing we are more sure of than that for every event (and every sensible phenomenon is an event, viz., in ourselves) there is some kind of explanation or cause. It remains for us, then, in the absence of knowledge, only to think, or conjecture, or speculate, by which we mean, to form some kind of hypothesis, which we cannot hope to verify. An hypothesis as to the nature and order of sensible phenomena need not remain an hypothesis, since we can experience the phenomena with which it has to do, and test the hypothesis by its conformity to the same. But we have no experience of the causes themselves, and can have none, and so, though one opinion may seem to us more probable than another, and may even be practically settled and acted upon, it can never in the present state of human faculties take the rank of scientific knowledge. To recount the opinions of men on this subject would be

[1] Atom = particle of (vibrating) matter. Tyndall, "Frag. of Sc.," p. 431. So ether is matter, dense, elastic, etc. Ibid.

to write the history of metaphysics; and to examine them, with the aim of fixing upon some one as an opinion for ourselves, would be venturing on a solution of the metaphysical problem. The theist has one solution and the speculative materialist has another;[1] the agnostic, in the Kantian and Spencerian sense, is content simply with acknowledging the problem and asserting it to be beyond human power of solution. But it is no part of our present purpose to discuss these varying views. We wish in what follows simply to become a little more at home in the position respecting sensible phenomena, which has already been reached.[2]

The first difficulty which naturally arises in one's mind may seem to be a very radical one. It is, that to be consistent we must acknowledge our own body to be but a tissue of sensations, like any external object. Hence the various organs of sense, the nose, ear, eye, etc., the nerves connecting them with the brain, and the brain itself, are but groups of sensations, and as such exist only in our mind. And consistency does demand this. For though our attention was directed primarily to the external world, the same line of thought, a little more closely followed, manifestly conducts to the same conclusions respecting the nature of our own body. If the yellow of a pair of gloves I am wearing is my sensation, surely the simple flesh-color of my hands is no less my sensation. If the sound of the piano does not strictly inhere in the piano, but in myself, the same must be said of the sound of my own voice—viz., that it is not properly in my vocal organs, but in my mind. If the weight of the dictionary is really a sensation I experience, equally so is the weight of my own arm when I hold

[1] The question may be raised, Has there ever been such a materialist? For ordinary materialism does not hold to some supersensible matter and motion as an explanation of things, but to matter and motion as we know them and are in constant contact with them, though, it may be, reduced to their lowest terms, *e. g.*, molecules and atoms. If idealism is true, ordinary materialism is simply confusion of thought. Professor Huxley, however, suggests a genuine speculative materialism (*vide* his "Hume," p. 79); whether involving self-contradictions or not, we do not now undertake to say.

[2] The position might be called sensible or physical idealism, and is nowise inconsistent with, but rather implies, a supersensible or metaphysical realism. And such a union of idealism and realism is the view of Spencer, and was of Kant, and even Berkeley, absolute idealism taking a step farther and involving the causes of sensible phenomena in the same subjective relationships (whether in a human or an absolute subject) wherein we have found sensible phenomena themselves to be involved. The statement of absolute idealism, however, is made under correction.

it at right angles from my body. The hardness and resistance of my skull or of any bone in my body are sensations just as much as the hardness and resistance of the table or of the floor under my feet. And there is no reason why we should except the sensible qualities of the nose, eye, or ear, or of the nerves connecting them with the brain, or of the brain itself. The gray color of the matter of the brain can no more have existence outside some one's mind than any other color. The weight, texture, and outlines of the nerves are matters of sensation as much as those of the blades of grass out in the field. And of themselves, and out of relation to our mind, they are all equally mysterious. So considered, they are no longer nerves or blades of grass, but simply the unknown causes of these groups of sensible phenomena in us. But, in so saying, does not the idealist, it may be asked, cut the ground from under his own feet, since, in the previous analysis, he has been treating, after the manner of ordinary physiological teaching, the various organs of sense, the nerves and brain, as the very means by which we get sensations? The question is fair, and must be fairly met. And the idealist has a choice of only two alternatives: either to deny that we have any real sensations, the superstructure disappearing, as every superstructure must, with its groundwork; or to allow that the organs of sense, nerves, and brain are not such a means and groundwork, that the origin of sensations is not merely partially but totally inexplicable, and that all explanatory language, such as has been used, and physiologists generally are using, is but provisional, and, when assuming to give an anywise strict and scientific account of the matter, must be reprobated.

It is not possible to deny with any soberness that we have sensations, and so the latter alternative must be taken. The organs of sense and the nervous system cannot in any strictness be said to produce sensations, because they only exist as sensations. The mind cannot be really dependent on the bodily organization, because the bodily organization has no meaning save as a group of phenomena in and to the mind. All sensible phenomena, things as near as the beating of our hearts or the movement of the particles of our brain, and things as far as the shining of a star or the sweep of a system, are equally phenomena to us and in us, and have no meaning apart from us. However venturesome the ex-

pression may seem, idealism demands that we say that, instead of the world's containing us, we ourselves contain the world; that, however much meaning the word "outside" may have in reference to the body, it has none to the mind of man.

The idealist is aware that this seems to involve an altogether mysterious, if not unthinkable, notion of the mind. Ordinarily, the mind is regarded as existing within us, and the mind of another we not only connect with that assemblage of sensible qualities we call his body, but more definitely with the nervous system that is hid in it and has its head and centre in the brain. According to idealism, however, brain as well as body exists *in* the mind. What in the name of common sense, then, it may be asked, *is* this mind, and *where* is it? First let it be said, relapsing for the moment into ordinary habits of speech, that the assertion of the existence of the mind *in* the body or the brain is destitute of all experimental support. We do not find the mind, however diligently and minutely we may examine the body or the brain. The supposed existence of the brain itself at times when we do not see it, and all that physiology may tell us of its structure, may be verified; but no one has ever found a sensation or thought[1] in the brain, or has the slightest ground for hope that he ever will. The alternatives are, then, to deny or ignore the mind, or to allow that we are altogether off the track in making this kind of a search for it. The idealist takes the latter. What the significance of the ordinary view is, that the mind is connected with the brain, will be considered later; it suffices now to say that the idealist cannot allow that the mind is *in* or anywise *spatially* connected with the brain. But as to the question, *what* the mind is, the answer may be given, it is that which experiences sensations and thoughts; and to the other, *where* the mind is, it may be said, not that the question is unanswerable (as we might say in reply to a question as

[1] It is, perhaps, superfluous to remark that the "sensation or thought" of another than the one making the search is meant. Of course, the brain and its movements are the latter's sensations. The sensations of the other are, however, there only to his imagination. Conceivably, indeed, we may examine our own brain, and try to find the sensations that we may think are hidden somewhere in it. And lucky are we if, after some fruitless searching, the thought suddenly strikes us that we are *experiencing* the only sensations we can ever find, and that, being essentially subjective, it is vain and meaningless to seek for them where they do not exist. An explanation of the double use of sensation will be given later on.

to the origin of a mysterious noise in the night), nor that the mind is nowhere, but that the question has no meaning, or just as much meaning as one would have as to what the color of a certain pleasure is, or what the weight in pounds avoirdupois of a pang of regret. The conception of the mind, which Idealism necessitates, is indeed mysterious, but only as we try to range the mind along with the sensible phenomena which it takes cognizance of, and forget that it is not itself one of them, but that to which they all exist.

At least, however, it may be urged, the idealist must allow that his conception of the world makes *it* altogether illusory. If he saves the mind, he does so at the expense of all the objects to which the mind can direct itself. Now, the present writer cannot answer for all the theories that have passed under the name of Idealism. Some are doubtless hastily conceived, and, in truth, not so much interpretations of experience as departures from it and attempted flights in the air. The idealism here considered, however (which, but for the seeming presumption of the title, would be called "scientific idealism"), results simply from an analysis of what experience is. The very head and front of its offending, to the mind of the dogmatic realist, is that it so resolutely holds to the ground of experience, and refuses to give the name of reality to anything apart from experience (save, of course, the transcendental and unknown ground or cause of all experience). What is the meaning, then, in an assertion that such a world of experience is illusory? Illusory, in common speech, is something which does not correspond to real facts. But in this case what are the real facts with which we can contrast the world of experience? In the sense of facts separate from the mind, the idealist does not allow that we know of any such facts (the transcendental cause being left out of the account since we know nothing of it). All facts in his view *are* facts of mind, or mental experience, and he does not leave us so much reality in the separate sense as to constitute the possibility of an illusion. The semi-idealism somewhat current at the present day, which—while holding to the subjective nature of odors, sounds, colors, and other secondary qualities of bodies—asserts that matter, in its essential or primary qualities of extension, resistance, figure, motion, etc., exists quite apart from the mind, does make the secondary qualities illu-

sory, since we all suppose that these qualities belong to the external world as truly as any others. But a thorough-going idealism finds the primary or essential qualities of matter to be subjective in just the same sense that the secondary are. The whole material world is but an effect upon us; hence illusory is a word inapplicable to it. If we had no waking hours we should not call our dreams illusory; and it is but an affectation of knowledge to give the name of dreams to our daylight experiences. For who knows, or has reason for believing, that there *is* anything more real than these daylight experiences?

But if the world of the idealist may not properly be called illusory, does not another difficulty arise—viz., that all objects of consciousness are made equally real, and no possibility is left by which there can be any illusory objects at all? Yet that many objects of (supposed) human knowledge are fanciful, or imaginary, or illusory, is beyond question. How will the idealist explain this duality in consciousness, according to which there are real and unreal objects, save on the hypothesis of two orders of existence, one in the mind and the other out of the mind? The question is not really difficult to answer. The idealist cannot deny the duality or the existence of illusions; but, he says, it is not that we contrast our sensations with realities existing apart from the sensations, but our *thoughts or judgments* with our sensations. Illusoriness simply means, according to the idealist, that one state of mind does not correspond with another. Let us take an example. Suppose that I entertain the idea that I can suspend myself in the air, or at any rate that, like Darius Green, by attaching something like wings to my body, I can fly. Here is plainly one state of mind. And now, having mustered my courage and arrayed myself with the requisite paraphernalia, I make the experiment; but, owing to a lingering doubt of the result, not from a very great height. The consequence is that, after perhaps a flutter or two, I find myself on the ground, and, retaining my power of sensation, that I feel bruised, lame, and certainly well undeceived. This all makes up another state of mind, and plainly it does not correspond with the first. Why not, then, call the first an illusion? Indeed, the idealist may say that only in accordance with the requirements of his theory can any ideas or beliefs be proved to be illusory; for the only way is to experience some

sensation, or succession of sensations that contradict these ideas or beliefs.

The revealer and real enemy of illusions is not any objective reality outside and independent of us, but sensible experience itself. The distinctions of truth and error, fact and fiction, reality and illusion, have as much validity to the idealist as to any one; for we have not only sensations, but thoughts of them—thoughts of what they may be; and thoughts thus acquiring a kind of independence of the sensations, their truth and worth can only be tested by discovering whether they correspond to our sensations or are convertible into sensations. Illusoriness can, then, be only in our thoughts. It is meaningless to say that a pain I experience is illusory, and just as meaningless that any color, or sound, or resistance is illusory. Mistakes are always mistakes of the judgment in locating or interpreting the data of the senses, not in these data themselves. All sensations are subjective, yet they are all real. No one would care to know of anything much more real than an acute pain under which he is suffering. It is slight consolation to tell him his pain is *only* a sensation. So the idealist does not see why his world should be slightingly spoken of as made up *only* of sensations; why the heat, light, color, beauty, movement of nature, should be ranked less highly because they are what we experience, and not something existing apart from our experience. But the notion of reality will engage us in what follows.

[Part II, on the Notion of Reality, will be given in the next number.]

KANT'S CRITIQUE OF JUDGMENT.

BY T. B. VEBLEN.

The place of the Critique of Judgment in Kant's system of Philosophy is that of a mean between the two Critiques of the Pure and of the Practical Reason. A feeling of the lack of coherence between the other two critiques prompted him to the elaboration of this one, and the Doctrine of Method at the close of the